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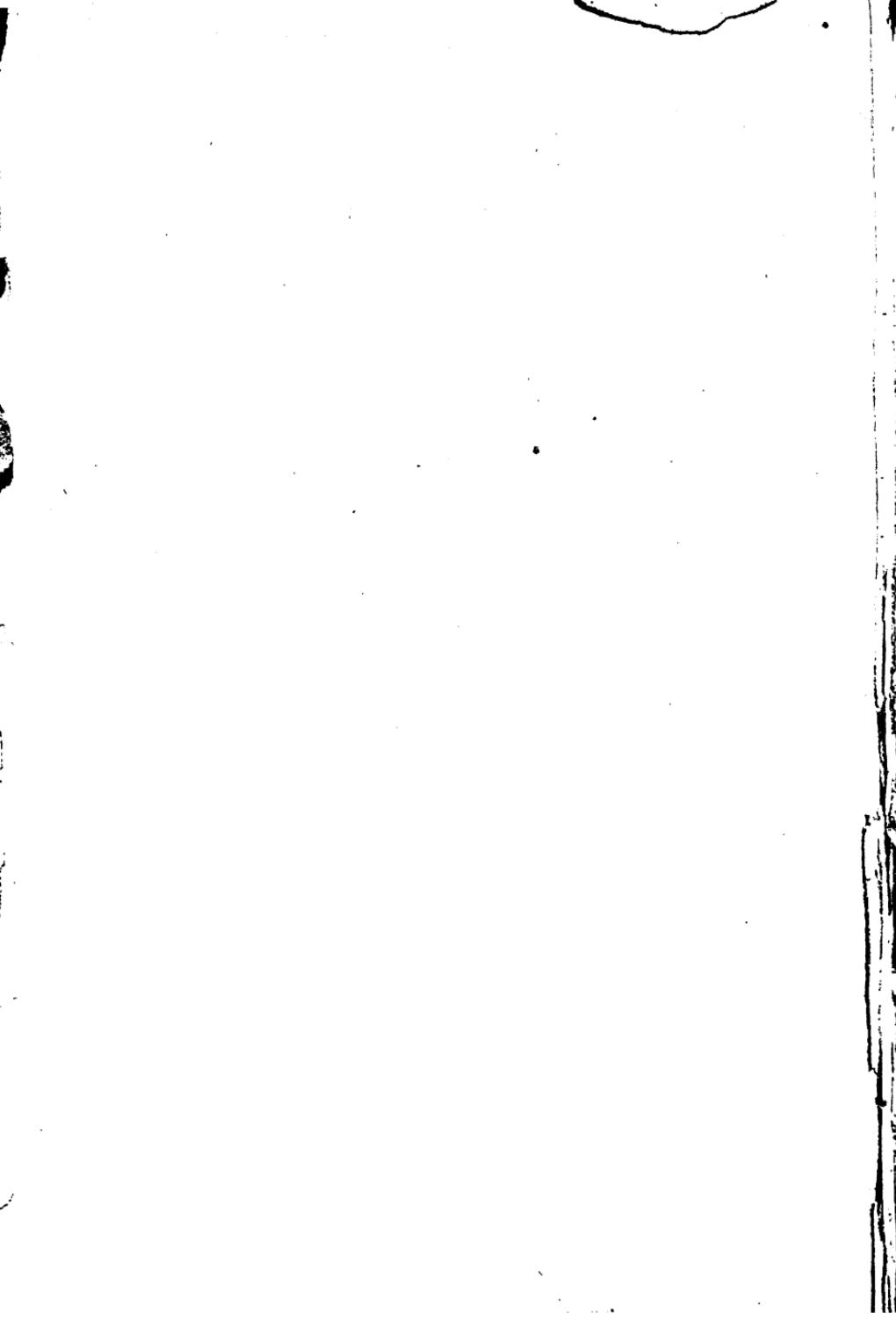
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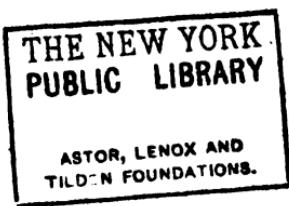
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**HARRIET GREEN**







# HARRIET GREEN

BY

S. M. F.



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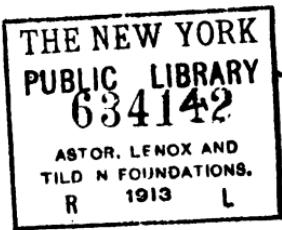
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## PREFACE.

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THE following short sketch of Harriet Green's life has been written at the request of her family, who thought that many of her friends, particularly in America, who have met her for only a short time, would value the little account of her work.

It is not written with the desire to exalt one personality or one special line of service, but with the hope that the earnestness and devotion thrown into it by yet another of the many witnesses who has reached the goal, may be a stimulus to those of us who still walk the highway of life, to press forward with the same whole heartedness and zeal; to be equally ready to hear the whispers and directions of the Heavenly Guide and "on Him sole depend."

SOPHIA M. FRY.

27, York Street Chambers,  
Bryanston Square,  
London, W.

John Wayne  
William  
Vogel

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## CHAPTER I.

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### EARLY DAYS.

HARRIET GREEN was born on May 7th, 1844, the daughter of Thomas Day and Harriet Green, of Saffron Walden, Essex, and was the second in age in a family of six.

Her father, a cheerful business man, took a keen interest in all that concerned the welfare of the little market town in which he lived—a place with about 5,000 inhabitants, and characterised by picturesque old houses, many of them built some two or three hundred years ago.

He was a Friend of the conservative type, devoted to his family, with his garden as his hobby—a man who lived his religion, and whose quiet consistent life and example was perhaps the most potent human

influence in moulding the character of his daughter, even to the day of his death.

For some years, Harriet was a delicate little child. When about three, she had a serious illness from which she lost the power of walking. Her recovery was thought doubtful, and the quick, short step she adopted, when learning to walk for the second time, presaged the great activity which always characterised her. Simple and natural, she was very independent, but when excited by anything, whether in games or lessons, was full of warmth and enthusiasm.

Being naturally somewhat overbearing amongst others of her age, she was scarcely a favourite ; but this probably arose from an inborn capacity to lead and control, and a dislike to every form of littleness even in small things.

This failing, combined with rapidity of thought and action, and intensity of purpose, brought her sometimes into trouble, even in

later life, but no one was more ready to own herself in the wrong, when once convinced of the fact.

Harriet was educated at home until fourteen years of age, with two of her brothers.

The following letters, written in a very neat hand, to her Aunt Priscilla Green, then travelling in America, give a touch of the early home surroundings :—

“Saffron Walden, 22nd, 3mo., 1857.

“We miss thee very much at Walden, and should be glad if we could hear more of thee. We like to have Anna M. Blenkinsop teach us very much, she only comes of a morning ; the twins begin to read quite nicely, they read with us on First-day evening now.”

“12th 8mo., 1857.

“We have had very pleasant holidays, and enjoyed our stay at Scarboro’. We were

there just three weeks. Our lodgings were on the South Cliff, facing the sea ; the twins had never seen the sea before. We went one day to Filey, and were very much pleased with the wild, beautiful scenery ; we had never seen any like it before."

"3rd, 3mo., 1858.

"We have a governess at home now, her name is Emily Adams ; we like her very much, she is very kind. I still go to F. Spurgeon's to learn French and drawing, and our cousin, A. Burrows, teaches me Latin.

"I don't think thou would see much difference in the twins ; they are still the pets of the family. Dost thou remember Martin Nockolds, Lord Braybrook's steward ? He died a few days ago but seemed perfectly happy.

"I remain, thy very affectionate niece,

"HARRIET."

She was sent for two years to a Friends' Boarding School at Polam Hall, Darlington, where she gained the respect and love of teachers and scholars, "she was such a good girl," and formed some warm and lasting friendships.

She took the greatest interest in all school work, in literature and languages, and showed decided talent in drawing and painting. The Principal, Miss Proctor, was herself a source of inspiration to her young pupils and friends, and her influence over Harriet was marked and enduring.

School days ended, she used to meet with her cousins, once or twice a week, for study, and everyone associated with her was struck with her grasp of subjects and variety of mental powers.

She was mainly occupied in teaching her sisters, assisting her delicate mother in household duties, and could put her hand

to anything that needed doing, whether cooking, dressmaking, or sewing.

During all these years, she had regularly attended meeting. A good daughter, in possession of everything that would seem to make life happy, with strong foundations of character firmly laid, she yet lacked the one thing without which she could never be perfectly satisfied.

In the times of silent worship, which were often unbroken by human voice, she had listened to the teaching of the Holy Spirit, but one day, in her own room alone with God and her Bible, the message of John iii. 16 came home to her with quite a new meaning and power.

The redeeming love of God in Christ Jesus was revealed to her. She felt the burden of sin lifted, the definite assurance of salvation given, and from that hour, never doubted that she was the child of her Heavenly Father.

She first confessed this experience by prayer in the family circle. One of her life-long friends, who was staying with her at the time says :—

“ I well remember the first time her voice was heard in vocal prayer in the family circle, one Sunday evening after reading. She told me she had often been called to pray, but had not yielded, and this night she told the Lord if there was a *very long* silence she would. How little, at the time, her father knew what hung on the length of time he sat with covered face, and we all waited, brothers, sisters, servants, and parents, till Harriet knelt, and, in much brokenness and strong feeling, yielded to her Lord’s call and prayed aloud.

“ We had great talk over it after we retired, and great peace was hers from the surrender.”

The reality of her feeling was expressed by the facts that she gave up painting,

which she had dearly loved, because she feared her heart was too much in it, and also dressed very plainly, acts of obedience to what she believed to be right, which bore witness to her desire to walk in the light of the countenance of God, and to have nothing between her soul and Him.

In 1863, she went to Switzerland, and her girlish delight in the "high mountain platforms" was intense. She writes :—

"I never realised before, how passing lovely this world of ours is—truly, were it more so, I think that I at least could hardly bear the beauty; it is so very enjoyable."

Returning home, she began her first evangelistic work by gathering poor women together on Sunday afternoons for Bible readings, either in the house or garden. Week after week she was able to see in them the results of the transforming power of Divine goodness.

When the Friends' Adult School was opened, she was at once enlisted as a teacher.

One of her friends, who shared the work with her, says :—

" Her Bible readings were soon very effective and much appreciated. I have seen repeatedly every woman bathed in tears as Harriet unfolded to them the truths in the Bible she herself found so precious. I remember an old woman in the class telling me, how when she was ill Harriet Green would alight from her pony, come up the cottage stairs in her riding habit, and after a few kind words of greeting, kneel down and offer such sweet prayers that it made her feel as if she had received the visit of an angel."

Another of her contemporaries writes :—

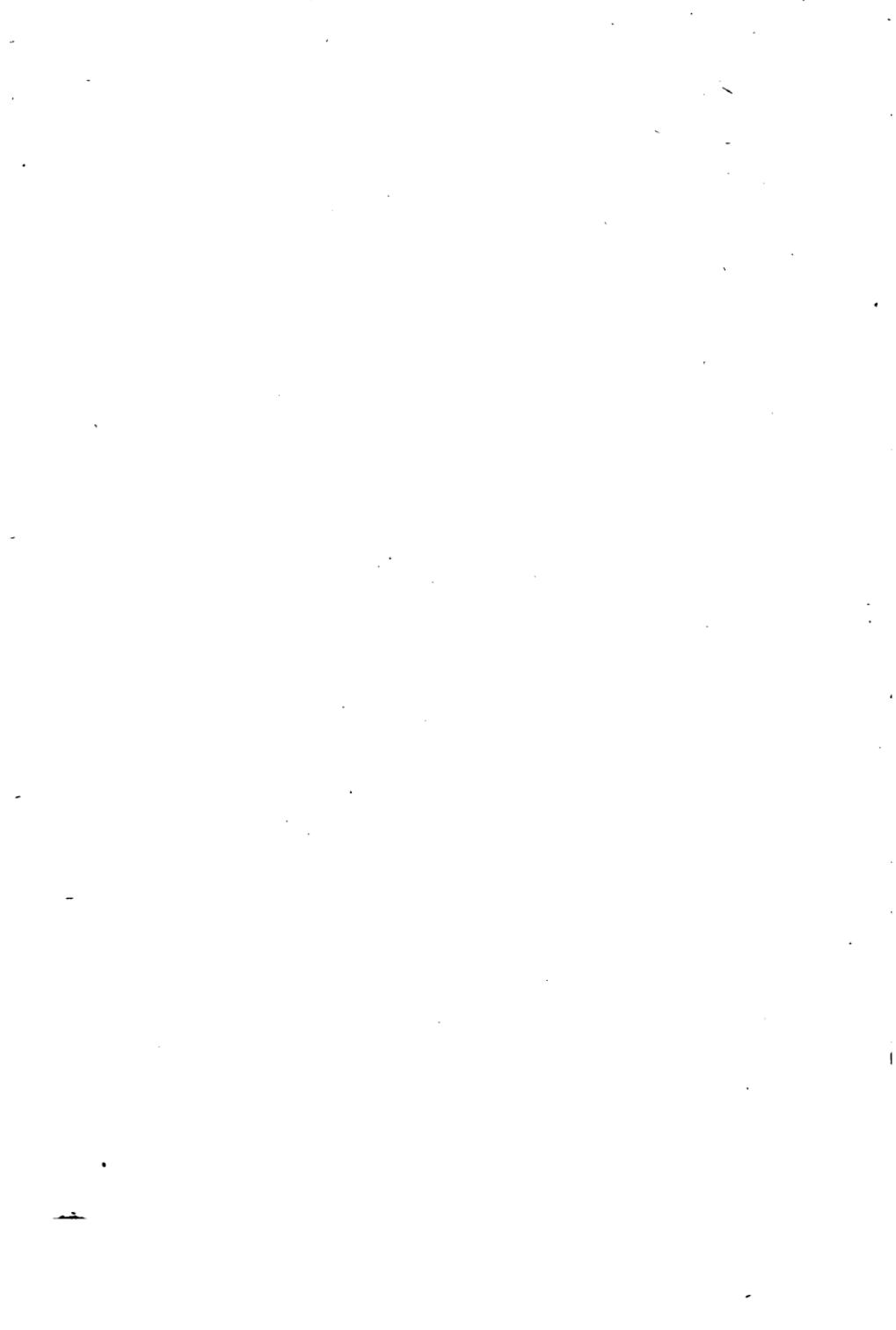
" When I first knew Harriet, she cannot long have left school. In thinking of her now, in those days of her girlhood, with life

just opening before her, the chief characteristic that stands clearly out to me, after the lapse of all these years, is what proved to be the motive power—the keynote of her whole life—what one may best describe as a perfect passion for service. She was satisfied with nothing short of pouring out, for those dear to her, not only her time and strength, but her very self.

“One could never say of her, ‘she was this or that, and with it all she was so good—such a real Christian.’ Her goodness, her Christianity, was her very self. It comes first to my mind in trying to call up her girlhood—as much herself as the strikingly picturesque face, the dark plentiful hair, bright ‘speaking’ eyes and rich colouring.

“In those girlish days, she never seemed happier than when reading and studying her Bible. I say studying, but that does not describe it—I think it was actual, spiritual feeding upon it.





"At the same time, she entered with the greatest zest into any pleasure that was going on, and was the life of her home, ever ready to join in the constant flow of fun and humour, which was one of the great features of those happy family gatherings. The drives, the country walks or expeditions of any kind, fell flat without her, while she was even more needed on the wet days, when we congregated in the study to read aloud, or talked on grave subjects—perhaps out of our depth.

"She had an ever ready sympathy, and it seems to me that in those days, when her sisters were very young, we all went to her for advice, and depended on her judgment and swift decisions.

"She was exceedingly practical, and gifted with a large measure of sound common sense, and always made up her mind rapidly, while we weaker ones were hesitating. One felt she was strong to lean

upon. She was more than two years younger than I, but I felt her to be both older and wiser. There was a wonderful vividness about her, a strong personality, that always made her presence singularly felt, and her absence proportionately so."

The imaginative side of her nature made her fascinating to children. They regarded her for a moment, and then flung their gay little hearts at her feet. She could be a baby among babies. They would inspire, excite, make each other laugh, till the breeze of sweet wild play grew into a very tempest of mirth. One side of her was always a gay, impressionable child, and she was well at home in the children's world. It was "Miss Deen" who remembered their funny little speeches. No one knew better how to distil the best from their bright little-souls, and how to keep the world about them a good sweet world.

Naughty girls, too, had a great fascination for her. It seemed as if when such natures approached her kind soul, their very waywardness became something piquant and appealing to her. She laid herself open to some amount of imposture at times, but in more than one case outrageous naughtiness positively attracted her—though it cannot be said she was always successful in dealing with it.

In 1868, she went to live with her brother, Dr. Green, in London. He was just beginning to practise as a physician, and medical students, who were taking the course, lived with him. Thus, a larger sphere of responsibility opened out before her.

Social life was combined with Mission work in the East End, where with the help of one of Mrs. Ranyard's Bible women, she opened a Meeting for the very poorest women. The first time, not more than half a dozen were present, and were almost

literally in rags and tatters ; but week after week, the number increased, until, for many years, the average attendance was over one hundred.

Brought up in a sheltered home, she knew nothing herself of the vice and degradation with which these women had been familiar—but she knew the human heart—that she herself had found a great Saviour, and told the Gospel Story so clearly and directly, that her hearers accepted the message in all its simplicity. She had struck the secret of true Christian Sociology, and the Almighty leverage was demonstrated in better lives and purer homes. The influence penetrated to the husbands and sons, who were also often lifted out of misery and wretchedness and would yield themselves to Christ.

The following extracts from letters help us to realise something more of this work, and her views about it.

*To M. C. M.*

"74, Wimpole Street,

"August 9th, 1868.

"I think I will spend half an hour of my Sunday afternoon in a chat with you, because I must tell you at once how you gladdened my heart by your very kind gift for my poor friends at Cow Cross. I do trust indeed it may be the means of real blessing to some. I have a very *strong* objection to gifts to the poor as a rule, because I think they pauperise them, and do not help them to help themselves; but there are instances, and we meet with very many such in Cow Cross, where it seems impossible to lead them to their Best Friend, and a higher hope than they know, in the midst of their poverty and dirt, without showing them some little proof of your interest in their temporal welfare.

"I believe that Christ's own blessing will go with it. You will pray, will you not,

that it may be so. He has said, ‘Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto Me.’ Where there is a possibility of doing so, it does seem to me more Christlike to supply the earthly need before trying to make the greater need felt, or to lead to Him who will supply it. He had compassion on the multitude, as I believe He has now, and will draw them if only those who do know Him are faithful, and live to Him and the loving whispers of His Spirit.”

“ November 4th, 1869.

“ I am just writing out a few cases for Mrs. Ranyard, which I intend to send you, that you may form some little idea of what sort of people you are helping. We have recently obtained a much better, and loftier room, which keeps well filled.

Every month I seem to get more and more interested in the work, and in-

creasingly do I feel how, if it is *anything*, it must be altogether *God's work*, and that we must be nothing but passive instruments ; but alas ! there is so much *self* in us, which is so apt to get in the way.”

“ April 13th, 1870.

“ It *will* be delightful to be at home again, and in the country ; no one can *revel* in it, like those whose life gets absorbed in the interests of this smoky busy city. I think I love it more and more, and long for it more, only I can't resist the pleasure of giving the little time and help I can in the East, where it does seem—and I can only *wonder*—blessed by God. This has been the worst winter I ever knew, and often my tears have fallen with starving families. I have had fifty of the worst sewing three times a week, and earning 1s. 6d. a week at my mission room.”

“ November 15th, 1870.

“ I have plenty to do. I am attending two courses of lectures on English Literature and Experimental Physics, and very much I enjoy them; and then poor Cow Cross presents such a field of work! only my dear people will *not* let me go there so often as I wish, because they don’t *see* how much anybody with heart is wanted there. I believe Ernest (her brother) is going with me once a week to a meeting with the fathers! *He and I*, it seems ludicrous almost to me!

“ I cannot get leave to go without a gentleman protector. It feels very *awful* to me in prospect, and I can’t think why, only that I do so feel to need more of the *constraining love* of Christ.

“ It is natural to pity, and then to love, all who are in any trouble, most of all in the worst trouble—unforgiven sin. Of course I can’t help loving and longing

over the people. I do so want more of the Spirit of *love* and of *power*. Will you pray for me sometimes and for them, that the blessing may in *some* way reach them. I think I have learnt lately a little more of the comfort of those words ‘for Jesus’ sake.’ If we did only realise what they are in their fulness—our *right* in speaking to our Father—instead of yielding to the temptation of looking so much at our own demerits, what a power for good we should always carry about with us, what peace and joy in our own souls ! ”

This work of rescuing and helping the poor women was a constant source of delight, and only once did there seem any check in the onward tide of blessing. One afternoon the Bible woman said : “ Miss Green, the women are coming just as well as they have done ; your lessons are just as good ; but somehow they are not being converted

like they used to be ; I can't make out how it is."

The teacher went home to ponder the cause, and in answer to prayer, was clearly shown that, while enjoying her work in the East End, she was neglecting the opportunity to speak to the rich in the West End. Westminster Meeting, which she attended, was the one in which John Bright and other Members of Parliament worshipped, and was no easy place for a young woman to begin her public service in. She ventured a delay until her mother should visit London, and then assured by her presence, opened her lips in a brief comment on the text, "He saw them toiling in rowing, for the wind was contrary unto them." From that time her voice was heard, not only in addresses to the lowly and ignorant, but she spoke in meetings of all kinds, at first occasionally and then more frequently, until her gift was officially acknowledged

in 1877, when she was recorded a minister in the Society of Friends. The mission work again recovered and increased.

One of her brothers writes at this time :—

“I don’t know that there is anything in the new position in any way incompatible with that overflowing graciousness, and kindness, that adaption of the self to the surroundings, which comes from a delight in contact with every side of human nature, which I have of late years associated with you. The versatile and sympathetic grace and power that sweeten life are God’s gifts.

“The concentration and exaltation of purpose which must be increased by a publicly recognised mission verbally to preach and to teach His Word are His gifts also.

“The full nature of both kinds of gifts must be recognised, and the exercise of one

is not always compatible with the exercise of the other. But where there is fearlessness and open-mindedness, as well as devotedness, we cannot doubt but that God will lead in that course which will be most blessed and fruitful."

An appalling accident occurred during this period, that profoundly impressed her with the importance of a faithful ministry. About thirty of her poor women, together with hundreds of others, had gone out in the "*Princess Alice*" for an excursion on the Thames, when their vessel collided with another steamer and sank, drowning nearly all that were on board. Most of them, she knew were ready for eternity, but she could not escape the thought as to whether she had fulfilled her whole duty towards each individual she had known.

Although mainly occupied in London, Harriet cared none the less for the interests

of her friends, and shared in all the pleasures and sorrows of home life.

She writes to her aunt, on the illness of her husband, Joshua Green, at a time when her own father was also in poor health.

"How I should have *loved* to help you if I could and might. The *New* Year has opened strangely upon many of us I think, the *old* things, sickness, sorrow, and death come with it, but it is a comforting thought, is it not? that there are new things laid up in store for us if only these old things, of which we sometimes feel weary, are doing the work they are meant to; getting us to share in the glory to come, when we shall see 'His Face' and see His Love quite plainly, where we cannot trace it and must only trust it now. In looking back, I am sure we must all say that He has cared for us as His own, and long to think and live more as His own."

*To M. C. M.*

“January 10th, 1870.

“I want to tell you about our *delightful* Christmas—the happiest I ever remember. It was a happiness that I longed could find expression in some way, but it was so deep in our hearts.

“We had a real ‘Merry’ Christmas, to use the good old-fashioned word, partly because we were all in wild spirits, and the cold added to our pleasure. The boys taught us girls to skate. I was slower in learning, but managed to keep warm and enjoy it more than anything of the sort, unless it be riding, I think! It is *delightful*.”

*To G. T. C.*

“August 2nd, 1876.

“I want to send you loving good wishes for your birthday, the best I know how to wish for you, my dear brother, that every day and every year you may be knowing

more of the love of Christ. How much it means ! The more we know, the more do we realise that "it passeth knowledge," and then comes the other wish, the inseparable result, that you may show it forth and live to His praise, as your heart longs to, now and ever, and in the years that are coming, in a way of which perhaps in its fulness, you cannot think now. I can't help wishing for you the great joy of bringing many to know of His love.

" I hardly know if I am right or wrong in the increasing conviction that I have, that in this work for Him there must be a clear direct sense of *His Guidance*, and that in faithfully fulfilling the work of every day, and in being kept humble in the sense of the *Greatness* and *Goodness* of the Presence which is with us in the little duties, we shall learn best what is His will concerning us, leading us always higher and nearer to Him."

Harriet was a member of a corresponding Bible Class which discussed a variety of subjects ; one of her papers is interesting, more particularly in view of her later life.

“ Corresponding Bible Class,

“ July, 1878.

“ Ought we to lay down our lives for the brethren ?

“ ‘ Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me.’ For Christ, yes, we may yet lay down our life. I think we have laid it down, ‘ lost it,’ and truly ‘ found it,’ before we come to the Apostle’s experience, ‘ For me to live is Christ’ ; when it is joy enough to live because it is to have Him with me, and it is gain to die because it is to be for ever with Him where He is, where I can behold His glory, and see Him as He is.

“ I read an excellent American paper the other day about the sin of over-work. I

think most Christians are too selfish to be in any danger, but it might be good for some members of this class to read it. The Master requires service, not overwork. The Lord neither requires nor blesses the breaking of His laws. This may be one reason why there is so much done that is so little effective,—labour which seems wasted. Our Lord Himself said, ‘Come ye apart and rest awhile’: both He and His disciples had seasons of repose in the midst of their mighty work.

“It is good to be reminded that it is not so much what we do for Jesus that matters, as what we are to Him, and, further, that perhaps what seems the *little* duty to the friend at home, may be really worth as much as what looks to us a much greater one, further off. There are times in some lives when the most real sacrifice is not in laying down life, but in going quietly and steadily on in life’s small duties.

"If we read what follows our text, it seems clear that John was not speaking of a literal laying down of life, but of a spiritual and practical thing. 'How dwelleth the love of God in him, who does not give to his brother in need?'

"'Let us not love in word, but in deed and in truth.' The explanation can be found, I think, in Christ's own words, 'That ye should love one another as I have loved you.'"

## CHAPTER II.

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### MISSION WORK.

WHEN Dr. Green married, in 1879, Harriet Green returned to Saffron Walden. The following year she was at Sunderland, spending part of her time teaching some young cousins, and much of it helping Priscilla Mounsey in her Christian work.

Together they held four or five missions in Sunderland, as well as a series of special open Sunday afternoons in connection with a large class of young women, and a good many meetings at the Y.W.C.A.

Ethel Mounsey, who has carried on this class since the death of her aunt, A. Priscilla Mounsey, writes :—

“ Ever since that year, she always came to the class during the frequent visits to

us, both with my aunt, until her death, and afterwards with us. I think the members felt her as a very dearly loved link between the past and present. There are very many to-day who thank God for her faithful work among them, and to whom she occupied a place only second to my aunt herself, which is saying more than one who was not in the work would ever know. I think I told you of our 40th Anniversary coming just after Cousin Harriet's death, and of what a wonderful time we had then. We met under the shadow of this fresh sorrow, and some of the members were almost heart-broken at the sadness. There were many others, too, outside the Class, to whom she had been a great blessing, and a very real friend, who deeply felt her loss.

"They all loved '*our* Miss Green,' as they used to call her, and looked forward to her visits."

Ethel Mounsey in writing of Harriet Green's influence, says :

"In all ways there was much that was fresh and unexpected about her, and this greatly helped her in gaining an influence over young people. They could not help being interested in her and in what she was talking about, because she spoke of even the most solemn things of life in a way that arrested attention, and at the same time made her hearers feel that she spoke sympathetically, that she was ready to look at things from their point of view, however widely it might differ from her own.

"I think that one of the great features of her influence over many of us as young people, was the way she had of suggesting possibilities or of bringing us ourselves to suggest them. Surely, many of us could acknowledge that she made us think of what seemed impossibilities as things not impossible, as things even that might be the

very work asked for by God at our hands. Many of us have cause to give thanks for the courage she inspired in us to go forward. She believed so strongly in the development of the gifts God bestows that she seemed to see more clearly than many how to arouse the desire in young hearts to be the best that is possible for Him. Her own varied experience in life, combined with her quick grasp of God's purposes for His children, seemed to give one confidence in her estimate of what one might do in His service.

"As one grew old enough to value more nearly at its true worth the courage and the confidence of her brave spirit, one could not fail to catch something of that 'joy of the Lord' that was her strength, and of her keen desire that in all her life He alone should be glorified."

In October, 1882, Harriet Green took charge of a little orphanage in Saffron

Walden, in which a dozen girls, the daughters of farmers, were being trained, for the most part as teachers.

The following letter, from one of them who is married, and in a comfortable home of her own, probably expresses the feeling of many others :

*To M. C.,*

"June 4th, 1903.

"It was a great surprise to me hearing of Miss Green's death. It is difficult for me to express the sympathy I would for you in the loss of your last sister :—

"'Tis sweet to know—

\*That she is not lonely in that kingdom,  
The land you cannot see,  
For all "the gone before" were waiting for her,  
As now she waits for thee.

Your jewels have been placed in such bright  
setting

That, though so far away,  
Still down to earth thro' darkest clouds of sorrow  
They send a golden ray.'

"I imagine Miss Green died while working for Christ in America! As a child I remember how very clearly she put 'His word' before us; how anxious she was that we should be working Christians. In my home I often quote her name and words of hers. Though strict, love was at the bottom of it all I believe, and now I am thankful for her training.

"My husband sometimes says he believes she helped to make me the wife I am, and he says sometimes, 'such a good one!' *Not giving myself the praise.*'"

Another says :—

"In Miss Green I have lost a *true friend*, as I was one of the girls who lived with her at 'the Orphanage,' and have stayed with and seen her several times since I have left.

"I think it was very sad she was ill so far from home friends; we shall all miss her very much, but we know she is in

'Perfect Peace,' and has given up her life in the midst of her work, for her 'Heavenly Master,' whom she loved ; it is just as she would have wished. S. W."

It is apparent, from the following letter, that visible results frequently set their seal on this earnest work :—

*To M. C. M.*

"February 19th, 1884.

"I have been very happy lately in the joy of seeing the Lord's work. Just lately I have been constantly meeting people who have found the Lord through the word He has given me. I sometimes wonder if it is for *them* I am more glad than for the *Master*, and sometimes my cup seems overfull of joy in it. The more one realises of the perfection of soul *rest* in Christ, the more one seems able to get through. That, I find out more and more. How good the Lord is in giving us *moments* when we take

in strength, and I know not what, from Him that keeps us in the 'busy-ness' of life.

"I am having no series of meetings just now, only a few stray engagements."

The years spent in London, as well as those at Saffron Walden were very busy, but, to a certain extent, uneventful. The shadows cast by sorrow were many, and varied in character. Harriet bore each in the strength of a strong soul, striving that those around should not have their hearts saddened through her, and that the roughness of her own path should not cause another to stumble.

The depth of the power to love, made the losses of life very keen, and the suffering of her loved ones very hard to her to bear.

It was just this discipline of sorrow which helped to make her life the power it was, made her able to grapple with the ever-

lasting difficulties of humanity, to get into close sympathy with those who crossed her path, to care for everything that touched their welfare, and to cast on one side every hindrance that would turn her from the living Truth.

We like to dwell upon her work and service, but need to remember that this was the result of a habit, begun in early years, of prompt obedience to the Will of God, whatever it might mean to her—sorrow, and suffering, or active labour and joy. It was her rule not to consider what pleased herself, but how she could make others happier, and so more useful.

Nothing ever presented itself to her mind in shades of Quaker grey, everything was in terms of either black or white.

This sort of intensity was apparent throughout her life in various ways; devotion to different members of her family when occasion arose, her manner of getting

through all kinds of work in about half the time of other people, and power to endure mental and physical suffering. But “Love’s strength standeth in love’s sacrifice, and whoso suffers most hath most to give.”

Between 1883 and 1886, a married brother, the mother, and one of the twin sisters, were all called to the Better World, two of them after long periods of illness, and Harriet went home to live.

For the next five years, she devoted herself to her much loved father, watching over him, amusing, interesting, and nursing him according to his needs.

At intervals she held, as she had done previously with her sister, series of meetings in every village within reach of her house, often driving herself eight or twelve miles home in the dark.

These meetings would occasionally occupy only a few days, but sometimes lasted for

three or four weeks, and were mostly held in chapels and mission rooms.

This letter, found amongst others, serves to witness to the fruit of this work :

*From Mr. P.*

"Province of Jun-Nan, China.

"January 22nd, 1898.

"The reason I am writing to you is this : I daresay you have almost forgotten a series of meetings which you held at both Great and Little Chesterford during the winter of 1884 and 1885.

"I think for the first time in my life I was then induced to go into the chapel at both of these places. I remember the last night you were at Great Chesterford you spoke to me as I was leaving, and said, 'If you will not consent to come to Christ, I can only pray to God to make you miserable.' You, then quoted, 'I, if I be lifted up . . . will draw all men unto me.' I left

you, but I made up my mind to serve the Lord. I was not, however, yet for some years to get rid of my bonds. I went from home and then, in various towns, gave myself up to a regular gay life, but all through this the words you spoke to me at the chapel door would ever and anon come home to me at most unexpected times and places. I remember one night, when in the theatre with a party of friends, I had to get up and go out, they made me so miserable. One night I was dared by a companion to go and listen to Gipsy Smith at Cambridge Railway Mission. I went, expecting to be able to have a time of enjoyment, but instead, the Lord met with me, and then and there I gave myself up unreservedly to His service. At first, it was a heavy fight, but God gave me the victory, and I managed to make a bold confession. Then after a time came the call for me to come out to the Mission-field.

I was accepted by the China Inland Mission, but as my time of being a Christian was so short, they sent me for two years to Dr. Guinness's Institute. Then, in 1894, I formed one of a party of twelve who came out to this land.

"I must now apologise for this long letter, but, as a fellow Christian worker, I know you would be glad to hear of any good your former labours have done."

Her father's health gradually failed, and he passed away early in 1892.

To her loving eyes he was a saint long before he crossed the borderland.

Just after his death she writes to Joshua Green (her uncle) :—

" March 3rd, 1892.

" We are rejoicing for him—dear papa—in the thought of what he must be realising, and are better altogether than we could expect.

"God has been and is full of tender mercy to us."

"April 20th, 1892.

"I have been alone, and a good deal at the Orphanage during the last week, and rapidly regaining strength. I have had a sad but not an unhappy Eastertide. One does feel with Peter, 'Blessed be God for the lively hope He has given us through the resurrection of Jesus Christ.' "

A few months later she writes again to her uncle, when old age was rendering him increasingly feeble :—

"January 2nd, 1893.

"My thoughts have flown to you to-day. It is such a miss for thee not to be able to get out on Sundays, and yet all the circumstances and providences of our lives must be good for us that bring us alone with God and nearer to Him.

"We cannot wish better for our friends than this and yet, when we love them dearly, as I do thee, dear Uncle, how ready we are to wish for them more brightness and freedom from care and anxiety. God loves us and knows us altogether, too ; and will certainly order 'all things to work together for our good.' This thought is often a comfort to me, especially on a day like this, when one's numerous shortcomings, sins and failures, rise up against one ; but thank God, He abideth faithful.

"I have been reading a copy of Whittier's 'At Sundown,' and have been much struck by the last two verses, written to O. W. Holmes on his 80th birthday, containing just the spirit in which we want to live now. I will copy them :—

The service of our days  
In differing moods and ways,  
May prove to those who follow in our train  
Not valueless nor vain.

Far off, and faint as echoes of a dream,  
The songs of boyhood seem,  
Yet on our Autumn boughs, unflown with  
spring,  
The evening thrushes sing.

The hour draws near, howe'er delayed and late,  
When at the Eternal gate  
We leave the words and works we call our own,  
And lift void hands alone  
For love to fill. *Our nakedness of soul*  
*Brings to that Gate no toll;*  
*Giftless we come to Him, who all things gives,*  
*And live because He lives."*

After the death of her father the old home at Saffron Walden was broken up, and Harriet was able to engage most of her time in the work she felt to be especially hers.

She spent a large part of the next two years in holding meetings amongst Friends in England and Ireland, sometimes by herself, sometimes with fellow labourers, amongst others, John T. Dorland. At one

time she worked for some weeks with Dwight L. Moody in his "after meetings."

She was especially interested in young women, and seemed to know by telepathy and divine insight the special needs of each one, and the right way in which to speak to them. She was able to discern their gifts, and encouraged them to confess their Saviour, and to begin the ministry of the Word. Many have been the tributes acknowledging her help. The following testimony from an American girl, voices the unspoken words of others:—

"Everywhere she has been, she has left a deep impression of goodness, and will be sadly lost to all who have heard her good counsel, and felt her love reaching out towards them and leading them up to God. The words she spoke remained with us, to be recalled often, and the very thought of her is an inspiration: I am so glad that I met her and knew her even a little."

She constantly gave Bible readings and addresses to girls in all classes of society, and did not care to whom she spoke, rich or poor, if by any means she might save some.

She narrates the following conversation which took place when she was in the Dales of Yorkshire with Priscilla Mounsey in 1883.

"I called on Polly Crofts, the broadest talker I have met, at Carperby, ill and unable to get out.

"'Coom in wi' thee, I knawed tho'd be coomin' agen. Eh ! but it's pity tho maun gae. A deal o' folk here likes thea terrible, and great un (Priscilla Mounsey) too. They comes in here arter meetin's, and one says, "I likes great un," and another says, "Eh ! but I like le'il un ; they're two guude women, and nae mistake aboot it."'"

On another occasion she and Priscilla Mounsey went, at the request of Mrs. Albert Crosfield, and held two series of meetings

for girls, one in Brighton and the other at Redhill.

Both these services had lasting results. In the first instance several of the girls who were brought to Christ have since filled important posts in work for others.

The second was held with the definite object of forming a Branch of the Y.W.C.A. At the close of the week, thirty girls had gathered together and formed the nucleus of a local association.

Harriet Green said of this in 1899 :—

“ I have been cheered with the work of the Y.W.C.A. at Reigate.\* About eight or nine years ago I started it with a Mission. There are now 700 members. The lady who takes the Bible Class and who then (the Sunday after) opened her lips for the Lord, was telling me the other day that some of her girls were inviting a few worldly girls

\* The Branch is really at Redhill, a town adjoining Reigate.

each week to tea at the Rooms, and having such good times. The cost of the tea was a difficulty, and I had a lovely note in thanks for some money I sent them, showing how it was all in answer to prayer.

“So the good seed becomes ‘a tree.’”

Nor was it only work-girls who were impressed. Several young ladies received an impetus to the service of Christ which had splendid results.

One of these writes :—

“I cannot tell you how much she helped me in those days (after I left school and before I married). She was so fresh and interesting and vivacious and bright. Just to meet her in the road, and have a smile from her, or a cheery word, was enough to send me on my way rejoicing. I walked on, smiling to myself, and lifted out of my own worries, if I had any, by the inspiration of her presence.”

Another says :—

“ She worked among us at home, and helped us young people as very few others could ; and there are many of us who will never forget her or what she has done for us. She was our stepping stone to Jesus, and the seed she has sown will, I know, spring up among us.”

The following “ Recollection ” has been kindly sent by a friend, and we insert it in full as a valuable tribute to H. Green’s memory :—

“ Harriet Green will always be remembered by those who knew her friendship as a woman of many gifts, singularly happy in the use of them. Her personality was winning and attractive. She was a delightful companion, always thoroughly alive at a picnic, a boating expedition, in a drawing room, and even in a meeting of Ministry and Oversight. She made others feel what the poet pictures in the lines—

"How good is man's life, the mere living,  
How fit to employ,  
All the heart, and the soul, and the service for ever  
in joy."

She had great quickness of perception, a constant sense of humour, much grace of expression and manner, and vivacity without fussiness. Her humour was charmingly playful, and never barbed. One of the most diverting and clever pieces of penmanship that ever entered our house came from her hand. Her grace was the mantle to much strength of character, and her insight was guide to a mature and capable judgment.

"Probably, her immediate relatives can assign dates to different stages of her experiences, but to us who only met her occasionally, her life presents itself as one of unusually harmonious development. Her brightness even in her younger days could never be mistaken for a surface brightness, dependent on outside reflection. It had

true sources of its own, and as the current of her life deepened, there was no visible deflection in its course, only progression, and the enduement of yet fuller powers. Her faith in Christ was unspeakably precious to her, and yet it seemed, particularly as the years moved on, as if there were no bounds to her love. She was equally radiating and helpful at a pastoral meeting in Kansas or at a Summer School in Yorkshire. It is said of Charles Kingsley that he constantly found his way to the most solitary person in any company as if he particularly valued their society. This was a characteristic trait of Harriet Green. She seemed to have almost another sense for the discernment of the states and conditions of those amongst whom she so journeyed. In truth, it was but the harmonious fulfilment of faculties common to us all. To her native culture of mind she added culture of soul, and to these came

intelligence of spirit in the things of the spirit, resulting in a unity of life-purpose given to few, probably because few of us seek it with her singleness and sincerity.

“The duality of life with ‘its fightings within and fears without,’ is, alas, a constant strain to many, and either from faults of presentation or faults of reception, or both, the higher life is too often made to appear as a costly renunciation of things lawful, if not of things lovely.

“Undoubtedly, each life must know its death and resurrection, but this should be the entrance to a larger life, not a lesser one.

“The memory of Harriet Green will abide as a striking witness to the enrichments given after renunciation, to a human life reaching up to the Divine. Her growth in the things of the kingdom brought her more life and fuller, of which so many “nerves are scant.” That which was attractive and

cheering and helpful in her humanity to young and old alike, amongst all sorts and conditions of men, became still more so as life went on. The wine poured forth only brought her much more to give. In many a house across the Atlantic a photograph is cherished with the text chosen by herself as a New Year's greeting :—

“ ‘ Then shall we know if we follow on to know the Lord.’ The knowledge and the following on, which alone adds to the knowledge, were truly hers. She had laid ‘ hold on the life which is *life* indeed.’ ”

The following reveal some of Harriet Green's inner thoughts about this time :—

*To a friend.*

“ July 4th, 1893.

“ Your letter rejoiced me. How true it is, is it not, if one member rejoice, the others rejoice? and our Lord means us to rejoice with *Him*.

"I have been looking it up this morning.

John xv. 11 and 1 Peter 1—8.

*His.*

*Ours.*

In home bringing.

Luke xv. 6, 7. 2 Cor. i. 14.

1 Thess. ii. 19.

In Fruit Bearing.

John xv. 11. 1 Thess. iii. 9.  
Rom. xvi. 1—2.

In Enduring Cross.

Heb. xii. 2. Ps. cxxvi. 6.  
Acts v. 41.

In Presenting Faultless.

Jude 24.

"May we each have *all* that He wants us to in Him. *You*, I believe, are going to have *much* in *each* division."

*To M. C. M.*

"October 20th, 1893.

"I wanted to send you a line to tell you, as you know so much of my 'low estate,' that the last week (I think since Thursday), when I stretched my faith to speak in

Meeting about 'In nothing be anxious,' I have had a lovely time with God. It is Godwards and I praise Him. I cannot explain. It is the knowledge of His keeping presence, a fresh glimpse of Himself, and a delightful realisation that I am nothing—He is all."

*To a friend.*

" July 24th, 1894.

"I have (especially perhaps) prized the thoughts of my friends the last six weeks, because I have been ill and unable to do anything. I am regaining my strength rapidly now, taking long drives and short walks every day.

"These are 'treasures in the darkness' for us which we never learn in the light; and the comforts and tender mercies of our Lord, as well as His *entire sufficiency* when we cannot even think much, are found in weakness and illness as nowhere else."

In second month, 1895, Harriet Green obtained a minute from her Monthly Meeting for "religious service of a general character in various parts of England." It reads :—

"After due consideration, and after a full expression of unity with her, we have felt it right to liberate her for work. We earnestly desire that she may be made sensible from day to day of Divine help and guidance, and of the indwelling power of Christ."

The same year, she went to live at Elsenham, a little country village, in order to help forward a struggling meeting. At first no one took part in the Sunday services except herself, but before she left, the people had become so aroused that there was little opportunity for her to speak, at least, in the morning meeting.

She writes of this time to a friend :—

"Elsenham,

"July 11th, 1895.

"I hope that you have not been thinking my silence want of interest. We have had a hard week's work to get this cottage habitable.

"My own hands have ministered to my necessities, in a way they never did before. Then on Sunday we had three F.C.F.U. men here, and good meetingsindoors and out.

"Thank God, you got the victory, through Jesus Christ. Truly, we need not be in bondage when He has cast out the enemy.

"It is a constant claiming by faith—death to self, through the cross. Separated by the cross of Christ from all that is not *of Him* and *for Him*. There is evidence of great blessing here, and I believe that God is going to "revive us again."

## CHAPTER III.

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### WORK IN AMERICA.

DURING the year 1895, the thought of work in America was resting on Harriet Green's mind. The burden of such a service was a heavy weight, and feeling the responsibility of a step in this direction, she turned to J. Bevan Braithwaite for sympathy and counsel. She asked for an interview with him, without mentioning the object of her visit. As she entered his room he said, "My dear friend, I have, for some time past, been thinking that thou wouldest be wishing to go to the United States of America."

This confirmation of her own impression of duty was, then and afterwards, a great comfort and help to her.

She writes to a friend :—

“ June 24th, 1896.

“ I am deeply interested about your women’s meetings. Be of good courage and *fulfil* your ministry. The temptation always comes, to do a little of the work God has for us, as little as is consistent with an easy conscience. Now, I believe that we are to keep on asking for more and expecting it, with the supply of all we need for it, though I must say that I did *not* ask to go to America, and I shrink very much from it. But I want to say, don’t intend anything, but look to the Lord for directions constantly, for ‘fresh springs,’ as I know you do.”

“ August 7th, 1896.

“ We had a lovely time at Keswick, I think that I shall never forget the sweet feeling that came to me as Theodore Monod read John xiv., ‘Arise, let us go hence.’

He going to suffer, but to bring blessing  
and asking me—us—to go hence *with  
Him.*"

A minute of Thaxted Monthly Meeting,  
and also one from the Yearly Meeting on  
Ministry and Oversight, were granted her  
for her work in America, with much expres-  
sion of sympathy, and she sailed for New  
York, September 12th, 1896.

Sarah Jane Lury went with her, and  
remained until February, 1897, when she was  
recalled by the death of her mother. After  
that, Harriet was joined by S. A. Naish for  
a few weeks, and for the remainder of the  
time was sometimes alone, and sometimes  
kindly accompanied by American Friends.

The following extracts, taken mostly  
from journal letters, speak to better effect  
of her experience than any notes or  
comments could do. They give some  
little idea of the variety of work, but only

those who have done the same kind of thing know what it really costs or means, physically, mentally, and spiritually.

During the year and a half, she averaged two, and sometimes three, meetings a day, and filled in spare time with paying visits. When health demanded, she took a few days rest, but they were few and far between.

In reading the description of Kansas, it should be remembered that the people there have, of late, rejoiced in good harvests, and that sod houses and "dug-outs" are now almost a thing of the past.

She worked in Western, Indiana, Kansas, California and Oregon Yearly Meetings.

"Plainfield, September 24th, 1896.

"Western Yearly Meeting is over, and we are waiting to be taken to the Depôt, to go to Indianapolis.

"I wish that I could draw you a picture of the old square Meeting House on Sunday,

or on last Wednesday, with its hundreds of buggies (1,000 they said there were on the ground), the big trees all over the campus, the tents with hundreds of listeners inside and out, the relief of a very black face here and there and the hand-shaking.

“Friends have been very kind to us all through, though I felt as if they were rather slow to believe that we *could* sympathise in this work, carried on so differently from ours. However, they have been convinced the last day or two that we are one with them in thought and purpose, and can appreciate their whole-hearted purpose, if not all their methods.

“It has been a ‘real good’ time, and it is easy, to me at least, to forget expressions of feeling which might offend some, from an impressionable, simple-hearted people, who find it so hard to contain their feelings.

“Again and again, after an address felt to be in the power of the Spirit, a torrent of

praise and testimony has flowed forth. The very definite holiness teaching of S. & H. R. has been a great light, I cannot doubt, to many.

"I wish that Friends in England could understand the life and reality, and earnest desire for the unconverted, that there is manifest in these three Yearly Meetings (Indiana, Western, Kansas).

"'The Kingdom of God first,' seems to describe their attitude. Business and comfort and pleasure sink into second places. God forbid that we should criticise methods!"

In writing of this part of the journey Sarah J. Lury says :—

"To me, it seemed little less than a miracle that we were able to attend all the Quarterly Meetings but one in Kansas Yearly Meeting, including Arkansas, Indian Territory, and Oklahoma. We were distinctly helped forward each day.

"With regard to the wonderful time at the Girls' Reformatory at Indianapolis (September, 1896), I will tell you as nearly as I can recollect it. We went into the chapel where there were 250 girls (and fifty women in a gallery). I spoke to them for five minutes, and Harriet followed for about half-an-hour.

"They were very quiet, and looked eager and attentive. Harriet asked if she might speak personally to any who wished it. The Lady Superintendent said, 'All those girls who are wishing to give themselves to God *now*, may meet our English sisters down in the office at the close of this meeting; you understand, no others.' When we went down there must have been about sixty. H. took one room and I took the other, and there were only four who did not joyfully respond. On speaking to the Superintendent afterwards, she said, 'I am not surprised, as I know there

has been a deep quiet work going on in the hearts of many for weeks past, and your coming has just brought it out.' There seemed no excitement."

The following year (October, 1897), Harriet Green was again at the Reformatory, and says :—“The Lady Superintendent told me how real the change had been in many of the girls—that since, they had had regular meetings among themselves weekly. About ten of them came out for help, three of them she said were ‘the three worst’ in the house. One was a coloured woman, the dread of the police, and another a girl who had got her living, from four years old, passing counterfeit coin for those over her, and hiding in the rail cars, when she knew that the police were after her.”

Sarah J. Lury further writes :—

“In Oklahoma, we attended a Quarterly Meeting in a large marquee holding 500, but there must have been more, as a number

sat at our feet and many stood. We felt it a very solemn meeting, but we were not able to finish. After Harriet had been speaking for about an hour, a fearful storm came on, thunder, and the heavy rain soon poured in in streams, while the wind threatened to carry the tent away. Some were very much frightened, but, of course, it was no good to speak. Some one started, 'Jesus, lover of my soul,' and it was taken up at once, and that seemed to drown some of the storm. We shook hands in silence with many afterwards, never expecting to meet again on earth. No one who was there could ever forget it."

" Mill Creek, N. Kansas.

" November 16th, 1896.

" S. J. Lury and I have attended the first Quarterly Meeting here, and as we expect to attend one each week this year, I will tell you about it.

"On Friday by two o'clock, a number of buggies had arrived, and the Ministry and Oversight Meeting was held, followed by a Worship Meeting on Friday evening.

"Quarterly Meeting on Saturday, at eleven o'clock—the place full—worship for an hour and then the business. By three o'clock it was over and we, with fourteen people, climbed on to a waggon without sides with two seats filled, the rest sitting on the straw or standing, for two miles to a farm for dinner, which we were more than ready for by four o'clock.

"S. J. Lury and I walked back in the evening, when I gave a little lecture about London, and the place was crowded. To-night they come again to hear something about Foreign Missions. Something *practical* is what they like. At least thirty babies and small children came to Quarterly Meeting, some of them having driven fifty to eighty miles. I should like to tell you

much about the work and its difficulties. I am thankful to have no doubts as to being in my right place, and God is working with us. There are no pastors settled in these Northern Meetings, and the people are all too busy to oversee the flock, which is scattered over so many miles. The life and earnest effort of so many to do all that they possibly can for their Church is beautiful. They are a very happy and contented race, often saying with pride, 'Have you anything so good as this in England ?'

"It feels months, if not years, since we parted, but we feel wonderfully at home. It is impossible to be anything else with these warm-hearted, susceptible, ready speaking people. They seem so simple minded and true-hearted."

"November 26th, 1896.

"We had a time of very manifest blessing at Walnut Creek. Such a time of Holy

Ghost power as it has rarely been my lot to enjoy. A Methodist Minister had come a long way to be present, because 'Our Lord had told him that at meeting there would be a great opportunity of blessing.'

"The fact that Friends in this part of Kansas have been unable to pay fares for Ministers for years, has made our visit more appreciated. Each message seems to be accepted as 'Thus saith the Lord,' and it is very good for the Minister in many ways."

"Paradise,

December 1st, 1896.

"We are in a place as unlike its name, in every way, physically and spiritually, as it is easy to think of. I thought that the people had come out of the ground long ago, but I am writing now in a sod house of two rooms. On Sunday I had dinner in

a ‘dug out,’ a hole, with door to the south, dug out in the side of a bank, plastered, windowed, roofed with timber, covered with sods. This is a common thing with a sod room outside it. If there is not a dug-out room, there is always a cave, in case of cyclone. The son of our late hostess was killed three months ago in a cyclone. All the family but he got into the cave, and when they dare get out to look for him, he was under the *débris* of the house, dead, the kitchen stove on his face, 200 yards from the place where the house stood. Another great danger is hail-storms, which destroy everything, and the other rattlesnakes. The people have waged war against them, one man having killed fifty with his gun, but still there are frequent deaths from them. Three children of one family, looking for hens’ eggs, came to a nest in the hay, where they always found eggs. The first said ‘the old hen pecked her,’

the second and third were not afraid of the hen ; they were all bitten and all died. A mud poultice seems the only remedy known.

“ We have seen no wolves, but they are frequent visitors to the fowls.

“ I have kept the register of a few days, for you to see what sort of a climate it is, though we are told it is very unusual for the cold to come early as it has this winter.

“ Tuesday.  $28^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit.

“ Wednesday.  $80^{\circ}$ , Heavy storm and fearful wind.

“ Thursday.  $4^{\circ}$  below Zero.

“ Friday and Saturday.  $12^{\circ}$  below Zero.

“ Then, milder, which we are glad of. We are in the only kind of train which comes away from this region ; a freight train with a passenger car attached, 100 miles to go, and it takes nine hours.”

“Friends’ Kickapoo Mission Station,

“January 20th, 1897.

“A very heavy snow and wind last evening, but it is over this morning ; and after breakfast I started forth with Miss T., who is a missionary just after my heart, to another of the Kickapoo camps, three or four miles away.

“Our first visit was to Mesque-kennick, his wife Memippa and son Punchetha.

“Miss T. tried to interpret for me as I talked to them about John x. When I came to ‘The sheep hear His voice,’ I asked Mesque-kennick, whose face was eloquent of his thoughts, ‘Do you know His voice ?’ to which he replied, ‘I used to hear only here,’ pointing to his ears, ‘and to see only here,’ pointing to his eyes ; ‘Now I hear here,’ with his hand upon his heart, ‘and it is good, oh, so good.’

“There is no word in Kickapoo for everlasting life, and I wanted to know if he

understood anything about it. 'Kickapoo bad—no good—die like dog. Jesus live all the time. Jesus love Kickapoo—die for Kickapoo—Kickapoo love Jesus, go Jesus—live all the time.'

"We had a lovely hour with these people, and felt of one family. Memippa gave me one of her ornaments, and for want of something better I gave her my handkerchief which seemed greatly appreciated.

"Our next visit was to 'Koketha.' His tent was full of people. He again is a true Christian, another fruit of this delightful work. Here was a boy who could interpret. Koketha asked what he could do, he was always telling his people about God, some believed, but so many would not, and asked us to pray for him there. Some simple words about Christ's gift of the Holy Ghost for power seemed to help him."

" Modoc Station, Indian Territory.

" February 2nd, 1898.

" We had a dreadfully tiring ride yesterday in a springless wagon, and over very rough stony roads. It took us from nine o'clock to 2.30 to get here, but I am glad we came. The missionaries are very good devoted people. Quite a number of the Modocs are Friends, and as only some of them have learned English, they pray and speak in the Modoc language. It sounds rather like a puppy snarling. It is a comfort that God understands it ! Quite a number of the Modocs have been 'eating dinner' with us English speakers, and good, earnest, simple-minded Christians they seem.

" February 4th. Yesterday we drove for miles through the mud, *such mud* as you never thought about, to pay family visits. Every now and again we came to a quarter or half-a-mile of stones, great rocks to be

driven over. We ate dinner with two Indians, who were Friends and Elders, and who both spoke good English. They are princely people. I shall never forget how one of them looked when I asked him if he would like to come to London, and tell our people something about his spiritual experience. He answered, 'I should say, I am the saved of God, saved by grace, the same grace what saved you.'

"This morning we had another 'rocking.' We called on an Indian minister, who had gone back and had a large experience of sin and misery. We found eleven people in the room, and everyone prayed, some in English, some in Modoc. A time of strong crying and tears it was, a good time for God. It is interesting to hear a man pray as these men do, for others who have committed murder.

"One of the Elders here is a man who was banished by the English Government for

cold blooded murder. He behaved so well that he was released, came here and Jesus met him. He has done great good since, among his own people."

"Oklahoma Territory,

"March 3rd, 1897.

"I expect some of you remember about the territory we are now on, and commonly known as 'the Strip.'

"Three and a half years ago, the Government bought this land of the Indians, and divided it up into 'claims,' announcing that on a certain morning anyone who first put in a claim *in proprie persona* would have the 160 acres. Of course the starting places were fixed by law, and homeless people of all classes, on the fleetest horses, raced for it. Many were killed and injured in the run, and so the strip 100 miles wide and 500 miles from east to west was peopled."

"March 10th. I was glad that we went to S——— in spite of all the difficulties in getting there; there were only three or four birthright Friends, and nearly all the people came out of sod houses and dug outs, but I never was at such an interesting Quarterly Meeting. It began on Friday morning at ten o'clock by an interesting doctrinal discussion on 'The work of Christ in justification and the work of Christ in sanctification,' in the little school now used as Meeting House. From Friday night to Sunday night, the meetings were in the tent, and it was always crowded. Lunch was in the tent, too. There were 250 to 300 people present, many having driven thirty, forty, and fifty miles for 'the Feast.' Meetings were solemn, earnest, good times. People came hungry, were fed, not too particular to take the food put before them. I never spoke to a more appreciative audience, and yet so on the watch that the

teaching should be in accord with the written word. Young and old testified in each meeting of blessings received.

"Two bodies of Friends during the past year applied for separate Monthly Meetings. Committees were set apart to visit them and, if they thought right, to establish one Monthly Meeting numbering eighty-one, the other sixty. It works like this:—There are no Places of Worship, some Friend goes to a School House and holds a week's meetings, teaching Friends' views clearly. The people ask for some one else, and apply for Membership, and build them a house. I need not tell you how warmly my heart has gone out to this work, and how sorry I was not to stay among people so exactly, to my thinking, working on right lines."

"May 6th, 1897.

"I want Friends to know that with earnest zeal and enthusiasm in Kansas there is an

open door for *teaching*, that I feel to have done *very little* since I came out here, but believing that it has been the Master's work and His choice for me, I am content. Ask the Church 'For the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, and for the love of the Spirit, that ye strive together with me in your prayers, that my service may be accepted of the saints, that they may be edified, their work multiplied, and many added to the Lord.' "

" Pasadena, California.

" May 8th.

" We have had a drive to see the city, and truly I do not wonder at the Englishman, who is reported to have got out of the carriage he was being driven in, and sat himself down on one of the lovely lawns, with roses over him, and orange trees round him, and palms before him; and when asked how long he intended to stay, he said, 'Till my mother comes. *I told her I*

*would meet* her in heaven, and I expect that she will soon be here ! '

" We came to Los Angelos on Wednesday, and went between the meetings to a very interesting wedding. Two of their young people are going forth in a week to the Arctic region with a Miss H., from Whittier. It is the most delightfully quick affair I have come across. The Indians (about 1,000) living in Kotzebue Sound have been using every effort with the Presbyterians to send them missionaries, travelling 200 or 300 miles with this object. At length, as I understood it, they reached Kake Island, where Friends of Kansas and Oregon have missionaries, and so their need became known. Miss Honnicut, who is at home from Alaska at Whittier now, expressed her readiness to go, and Robert Samms, a young man working in the Friends' Mission at Los Angelos. The subject was before a Committee, when they found out that

only one ship a year goes up there, and that it would sail *next* week. R. Samms was engaged to a sweet young girl of nineteen years. Their consecration and willingness to respond to this call has stirred the hearts of Friends in South California. All the food they have for a year (except fish and reindeer flesh) has to go with them, as well as every item of household goods, and a tent until they can be better furnished with a dug out. The three sail together next Thursday."

" Pasadena, June 14th.

" California Yearly Meeting was over yesterday, and a very good time it has been; 400 or 500 Friends have met daily. They have mostly come from the East. The intense interest with which every branch of Church work is entered into, by young and older Friends, from the College at Whittier to the Missionaries at Kotzebue

is delightful. The development of the gifts of the young people called to the ministry, and a place for each, has been the first question of the Yearly Meeting.

“We have had a good time, especially perhaps the Workers’ Meeting which I called on Sunday afternoon.”

“San Francisco, July 5th.

“This morning we came here and received a warm welcome. As the boat drew near the landing, over which hung a big picture of the Golden Gate, a number of bright faced boys jumped in, shook hands and took us and our baggage ashore. (The National Convention of Christian Endeavourers was about to begin its sessions).

“‘What Endeavour do you represent ? None ! come from London, oh, you are a State guest. What can we do for you ? Have you a platform ticket ?

“ July 6th.

“ Last evening 1,500 Endeavourers gave a sacred concert in the Pavilion. It was lovely. The sight of the choir alone was a great interest. I never was so much impressed by a choir. The thought that they were all Christians and mostly Christian workers was so inspiring.

“ On Friday morning the opening meeting was most interesting. In the afternoon the Friends held their ‘rally.’ About 150 there.

“ Last evening, at ‘The Symposium of Nations,’ I spoke for five minutes to the 14,000 people in the Pavilion. Dr. Clarke had no *delegate* from England, so he asked me. After me ‘Canada’ spoke, and then the mighty crowd broke out in ‘God save the Queen.’

“ It is rather embarrassing to begin to speak with 14,000 handkerchiefs flying around you.”

An American lady who was present, says :—

“ I remember very distinctly the gentle grace with which she came before this vast audience, and while a most enthusiastic welcome was given her, stood with clasped hands, bowed reverently in prayer. A quiet impressive hush followed her address. To-day it seems an ideal message to pass on to our own Christian Endeavourers in England and America.

“ The subject was Foreign Mission Work and the need of the fulness of the Holy Spirit. She concluded with these words, ‘ Let us not be satisfied with our glorious Conventions, with our fellowship one with another, but let us listen to the voice that says “ Go.” Let us not be selfish in our holiest things, but ask God what we can do, you and I, to take His message, the message of a glorious Saviour to a dying world.’ ”

“ Between Newberg and Salem,

“ August 16th, 1897.

“ We finished our work in Newberg Quarterly Meeting yesterday with the close of the Quarterly Meeting Sessions. The heat has been greater than ever, and most depressing. We have had two hot nights with a temperature of 80° before sunrise. I believe that our visit to Newberg has been helpful. There is a large meeting of 600 Friends, more than half the population, with small meetings all round.

“ We visited all but one of these and between fifty and sixty families.”

“ Victoria, British Columbia.

“ We have had a week of sunshine, and everything looking lovely in this beautiful place. I hope to see something more of the place on Monday, but the days have been too full for the country. Each morning occupied chiefly by people coming to

hear more, or to seek explanation of what they have heard ; Bible readings in the afternoon, followed by visits, and then evening meetings. The people who come are those who call themselves advanced thinkers—Theosophists, Spiritualists, Home of Truth, etc. You will know how absolutely I have had to throw myself upon the Lord, and truly He has worked mightily. I cannot tell what the results may be as regards the much hoped for Friends' Meeting. What is far more important, Jesus Christ is accepted as Saviour and King by those who despised and rejected Him. I am glad indeed we have to follow His guidance and not another's. I have learned much, too, from the other people, especially those who take our Lord's words in Mark xvi. literally, and seen them proved by so many 'healed' people."

## CHAPTER IV.

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### CLOSING YEARS.

IN the early part of the year 1898, Harriet Green spent a few weeks in Philadelphia, receiving a kind welcome, and then returned to England in May, for a much needed rest. The voyage was rough, and her energies, already overtaxed, refused to rebound from the strain to which they had been subjected.

The intended rest of three months was, in consequence, extended to three years, as the following letters will show:—

*To a friend.*

“ June 13th, 1898.

“ I have been unwell since London Yearly Meeting, and, indeed, during it. I have been absolutely quiet in this lovely country. While I believe I *am* better, I don’t *feel* much better.

" I have passed through a time of proving, where nothing has seemed of any value but God and His Christ. He is so good to use any means to teach us more of Himself and His will. I often feel as if the results of our work are settled in our own room *with Him*, more than when the time comes to deal with individuals or congregations."

" August 16th, 1898.

" I am not sure if I shall prepare to start Westward again in October, or wait till over the New Year. My friends clamour for a longer rest, and they may be right. I trust that the Lord Himself will decide for me; until the 'cloud' moves I must stand still."

*To a friend (on hearing of the illness of her mother),*

" December 15th, 1898.

" The doctor's account is hopeful, so be of 'good cheer.' Wait on the Lord. I

know you do this, but be sure, whatever comes, He *will* strengthen your heart. It is true, ‘grace sufficient’ is ours, and God can and does often alter the whole feeling and aspect of things. He gives a fresh vision of *Himself* in special needs, and of the land of far-stretching distances which does alter everything ; makes us content and satisfied that His will is *the best*. *Rest, rest, REST,* moment by moment, in Him.”

*On the same subject.*

“January 26th, 1899.

“My heart aches for you ; but whatever it costs, somehow you will all receive ‘the very best.’ My loved mother left us on a New Year’s Day, and it is hard still to keep back the tears. I got much help yesterday from the certainty of the Lord’s sympathy, ‘Behold thy Mother,’ ‘Behold thy Son.’ There is nothing so revealing to us as illness.

What His loving care of us and of our loved ones means in little things.

‘Now—the tuning and the tension,  
Wailing minors, discord strong,  
Afterward—the grand ascension  
Of the Alleluia Song.’”

*To the same.*

“ March 7th, 1899.

“ My heart and thoughts are with you. I am thankful that the sun is shining upon you, and I hope that you will have as blessed a time beside your dear mother’s grave as I had in 1885. It seemed as if Heaven opened, and the glory she was surrounded by streamed down upon us, with comfort and healing. No one but the Lord *can fill* the vacant place, and yet there is so much that He can do. ‘As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I.’ I know how thankful you all are that she is comforted fully and entirely in the unveiled presence of her Lord.”

*To a friend.*

" Folkestone,

" May 17th, 1899.

" When I left A. two weeks ago my brother (Dr. Green) wished me to be examined thoroughly by another doctor. I was sure that something was wrong for half the time my heart was in a flutter, so that I was quite prepared for his verdict, not to return to U.S.A. for a year certainly, and to rest. I shall go out in a bath chair and lead the quietest life.

" I think that I will tell you what is in my mind about this illness. (It is only sometimes that I seem at all ill). I feel that while it cannot hurt *me*, for all things work together for good to them that love God, that it is really Satan stopping God's work *in my hand*. Of course I know thankfully that God can do without us, and that His work *may* not suffer loss; but I feel if the Church had the right power in answer

to prayer I should be raised up. Do think about it."

*To the same.*

" Reigate, November 12th, 1899.

" It is more than time that I thanked you for your letter. I am so much stronger and able to do more. I went to Meeting here this morning, the first Sunday morning Meeting for more than six months. I did enjoy being in London (for ten days); indeed, I seem able to enjoy living now again. I am waiting developments as to where to settle down. Please pray that I may get quite strong again for work, and also pray for definite guidance as to place; right conditions will probably make all the difference. It is good to hear that your mission work is going on so well. Enlarge your faith and your prayer. How little we expect; how much there is to get and to give."

*To the same.*

"Twyford, December 15th, 1899.

"I must tell you that I have taken a house at Saffron Walden, not at all what I like, an old house in the High Street, but it seems right. The doctors say 'Settle in your own home in your native air for a year.' Two weeks ago the report of me was 'very satisfactory,' and for the first month since April I had not *lost* weight. I know you will be glad."

The year 1900 was mainly spent in the little Saffron Walden home, where she enjoyed being able to have her friends with her. She records of that time "seventy-five visitors stayed with me, and not less than 400 were with me for meals, excluding those who stayed in the house." The next year she was able to go about a little more, and in October, as soon as she could obtain permission from her doctors, returned to the States.

Her companion during the second journey, with the exception of three months, was Sophia Fry.

This time she visited and worked in the Yearly Meetings of Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, New England, Canada, Western, Indiana, Kansas, and North Carolina, and attended the Five Years Meeting at Indianapolis.

Wherever she went, East and West alike, she was cordially welcomed, received the helpful co-operation of the Church, warm-hearted hospitality, and far more invitations to work than could be accepted.

She always seemed able to meet the needs of the people in simple, practical teaching, and as she said "open doors and open hearts are everywhere."

She believed emphatically in, and taught, the priesthood of all believers, but while she knew exactly her own belief, was always able to see the good in others who differed

from her ; admired their work, widely varied as it might be from her own, showed a large-hearted sympathy for all phases of religious doctrine, and did not antagonise even when she did not agree.

Perhaps the great secret of her success was her intense earnestness to win every single individual she could to the cause of her Master, and also her power of faith for them and in them, until they could believe for themselves and confess that they did so believe.

The best testimony to her work is the way she impressed those with whom she came in contact ; for it was *herself* quite as much as what she said that made her influence so strongly felt.

The following extracts have been taken from letters written both by English and Americans.

“ Comparatively few people in life ever touch one’s inner self, and I think fewer

as one grows older ; but I owe Harriet a very real part of my soul's experience, and bow in reverence to her accordingly, and life will for ever be poorer without her."

" Hers was one of those rare souls that only occasionally, it seems to me, appear amongst us."

" I first became acquainted with her in 1894, when she was a great help to me spiritually ; but I have loved and almost worshipped her ever since. . . . It was like being in Heaven to be near her. Her presence was always peculiarly helpful to me."

" Harriet once remarked to me of one whom we met, ' She reminds me of a ship in full sail ' ; and as I look back on the accounts of her work and life in America, it seems so applicable to herself. I never can forget her kindness to me, and her memory will ever be an inspiration to a higher and holier life."

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"We are grateful to our Heavenly Father for the beautiful life she lived, and for the messages sent through her. The one expression most used, since learning that she has gone from us, is this: 'She being dead yet speaketh.'"

"I feel that words would fail me to pay any tribute to her life or work, but I shall always count it a privilege to have had her in our home."

"Her loving Christian sympathy with *all* with whom she came in contact, seemed to me a marked feature of her character."

Writing to a friend on February 20th, 1903, Harriet Green says:—

"We have had a good winter's work in Indiana. We only propose to attend the Quarterly Meetings in North Carolina, as many as we can, in about two months, and then I expect to go to Cleveland, Ohio, and perhaps to visit Canada. I am better in some ways than a year ago, and rejoicing

constantly in evidence that the Lord is working through us."

In a letter to her sister about the same time she expressed the rather striking thought that she would not have a long period left in which to work, but adds, "however that may be, I am perfectly satisfied that I came."

From this and occasional remarks, it seemed as if she must almost have felt once and again that her time in this world was drawing to its close.

She attended three Quarterly Meetings in North Carolina, as arranged, and was also at one at Greensboro', on Saturday, March 14th, apparently in usual health, and spoke from Romans viii. 16—17, on being "Heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ." That night she felt unwell but went to meeting the next morning, and preached an impressive sermon on the 'Sanctification of Believers'" (Zech. iii. 1-5).

Returning to the house of her host, she was so much worse that a doctor was summoned. The symptoms were of such a serious character that a consultation was arranged for the following night. The doctors' verdict was "a severe attack of appendicitis," and they decided that the only right course was to have an immediate operation, though they held little hope of its ultimate success.

Harriet Green was removed to the nearest suitable Hospital, about forty miles away, where all the help that human skill and thoughtfulness could give was most kindly and efficiently rendered.

She seemed never entirely conscious after the operation.

In the morning of the 18th of March, 1903, in perfect peace, her life here was ended, and she passed into the life incorruptible and eternal.

She was laid to rest, by her own wish, at

Guilford College, and loving hands covered  
the grave with violets and white hyacinths.

Allen Jay came from Richmond, Indiana,  
Sarah Scull and Anna Thomas from Phila-  
delphia and Baltimore, to testify to the  
sympathy of American Friends.

The tie that binds our two countries  
was still closer drawn that day as the  
students sweetly sang—

“Good-night—good-night,”

and sad hearts on this side were able to say,  
“For whom thanks be to the Lord and to  
Christ.”

Time and space were, for the moment,  
obliterated in the thought that we “are all  
one in Christ Jesus.”—Psalm iii. 28.

If she, for whom we all rejoice, could send  
a message to her many friends, would it  
not run something on this wise :—

“Be strong, live happy, and love! But  
*First* of all Him whom to love is to *obey*.”

For “ God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him, should not perish, but have Eternal Life.” (John iii. 16).

The following minute was sent almost immediately by the Permanent Board of North Carolina Yearly Meeting :—

*To London Yearly Meeting on Ministry  
and Oversight.*

Dear Friends,

On account of the death of our late dear Friend, Harriet Green, who laid down her life in our midst, we have been drawn very near in sympathy and love to our dear English Friends: and have desired to express to you our appreciation of her services in our Yearly Meeting. Although she was permitted to labour only a few weeks amongst us, her earnest and faithful preaching of the Gospel made a deep impression upon us.

Her ministry came with much freshness and tenderness, and all who were privileged to hear her, felt that she was being used of the Lord, in no ordinary way, as a messenger of peace and salvation.

She and her companion made their home while in this part of the State at Guilford College ; and both the teachers and students greatly valued their visit, and some among the students, through Harriet Green's simple message of love, were led to accept Jesus as their Saviour, and all had their religious life quickened by her service.

On the last evening spent at the College, in accordance with her wish, she met with the teachers and officers for a season of worship and prayer, and had for all a heart-tendering and inspiring message of encouragement. It was a time never to be forgotten by those present, and was remembered with deep feeling at a meeting

held, at her own request, in her behalf, on the morning before her death.

Her almost sudden removal was sorely felt by a large circle of Friends in our Yearly Meeting, and her burial in the graveyard, near the place where the old Yearly Meeting House stood, was a solemn and very impressive occasion. Although her body was thus laid to rest far from her native land and kindred friends, the ministration of tenderness and love was in it all ; and the prayer was in many hearts that the merciful God whom she loved and served would establish the work of her hands, and lead many into the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

We mourn her loss, and bear witness to her worth. Our hearts are drawn out in sympathy with her dear friends and relations in England, to whom the fact that "they may not stand where she in English earth is laid" must needs bring sorrow. Her

life was given for the Master ; and her end was peace. " Whatever the result, I have perfect peace," she said, as she started to the hospital at Salisbury. Wonderful victory, marvellous grace ! Our earnest prayer is, that, through her example, we may press on to do with more zeal and courage the great work which lies at our doors.

In much love, we remain,

Your friends,

J. ELWOOD COX,

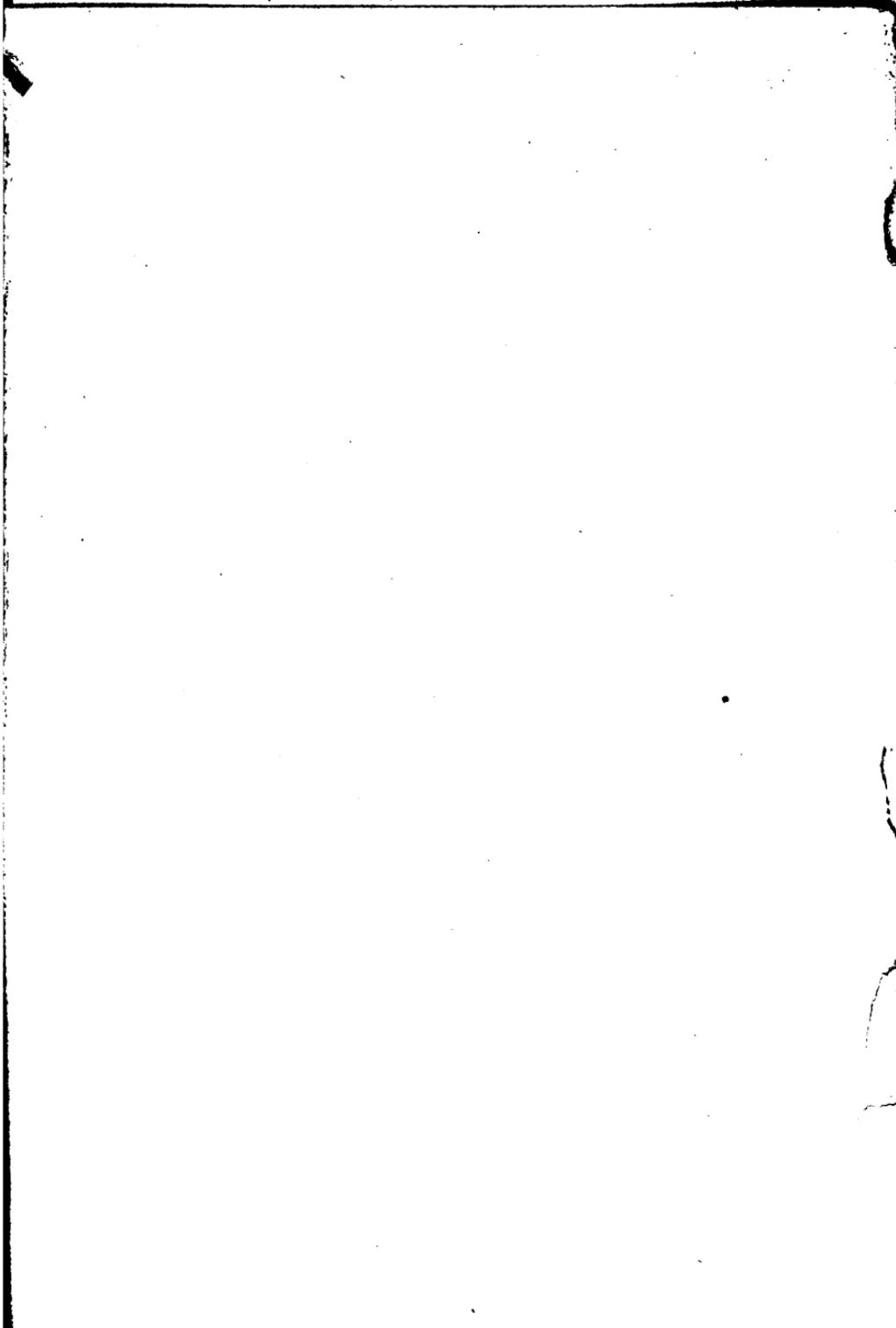
*Correspondent.*

JOSEPH POTTS,

*Clerk.*

North Carolina, U.S.A.

13th of 5th mo., 1903.





2 parts,

J.W.